

BLANCO MAY NOW STOP DREAMING.

Sagasta Wires Him to End Hostilities; No More "Victories" Needed.

SAME ORDER FOR SAN JUAN.

Washington, Aug. 14.—The first message

SANTIAGO A LAND OF GREAT RICHES.

Fertile Soil Is Underlaid with Vast Beds of Mineral.

RARE COFFEE PRODUCED.

Correspondence of Associated Press.

Santiago de Cuba, July 31.—The province of Santiago de Cuba and especially that part of it east of a line drawn between Sagua de Tanamo, San Luis and Santiago is today of vital interest to thousands in the United States.

The natural resources of the country and its fertility, its products and its industries, are of paramount importance. The richness of the soil here, as elsewhere in the island, attests it to consideration from an agricultural standpoint. The raising of cane and the manufacture of sugar are the chief sources of wealth in the province.

Manzanillo, further westward on the south coast, boasts of many large "centrales," or central sugar estates, where the cane grown on neighboring fields is brought and ground, so many carloads of cane being delivered against so many pounds of manufactured sugar, the grinder, or owner of the estate making his profit out of the immense amount of cane brought him, of which he keeps a percentage or royalty.

Guantanamo, Santiago and Manzanillo are the three important sugar shipping ports of Eastern Cuba. Next in importance agri-



FIGHTING TO KEEP LEE OUT OF CUBA.

Political Enemies May Yet Prevent His Heading the Cuban Commission.

M'KINLEY RESTS AT LAST.

Enjoys a Peaceful Sabbath for the First Time Since the Loss of the Maine.

Washington, Aug. 14.—President McKinley to-day took the first full day's rest he has known since February 15—the day of the Maine disaster. Indeed, there was little time to press for consideration. He is waiting for the arrival of General Fitzhugh Lee, who has been called from Jacksonville to consult relative to the Cuban situation.

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Scenes and Incidents of Interest in the Camp.

The horse corral, troopers staking out the camp of detention, and the Seventy-first Regiment boys just after they reached terra firma provided fine study material for Journal artists at Montauk.

MADE A FIRE OF THE CUBAN FLAG.

Sailors and Soldiers Seize the Banners of the Island Republic at South Beach.

Four soldiers of the Third New Jersey Regiment, from Fort Wadsworth, led by two blue-jackets, one from the Texas and the other from torpedo boat Winslow, visited South Beach on Saturday night and raised all the Cuban flags displayed at the bathing halls.

The sailors met the Jersey Volunteers in a concert hall which was profusely decorated with banners of Cuba Libre. The tars denounced the Cubans as robbers of the dead and wounded and said the display of the flag was unpatriotic. They marched to the merry-go-round wheel and climbed into the framework and pulled down every Cuban flag. The spectators cheered. Yesterday the Cuban flags were all replaced by the Stars and Stripes.

ADMIRAL CERVERA.

Has Been a Naval Officer for Nearly Half a Century.

The Excellency Señor Don Baxual Cervera y Topete, Admiral, is rightfully considered by all Spaniards to be one of their best sailors. He comes on his mother's side from a stock where for generations the name of Topete had been feared on land and ocean by many a foe.

Cervera is also a good old name, and the present Cervera family has been in the navy for nearly a century. His father, a naval officer, was killed in the battle of Lepanto. His mother, a noble lady, was killed in the battle of Lepanto.

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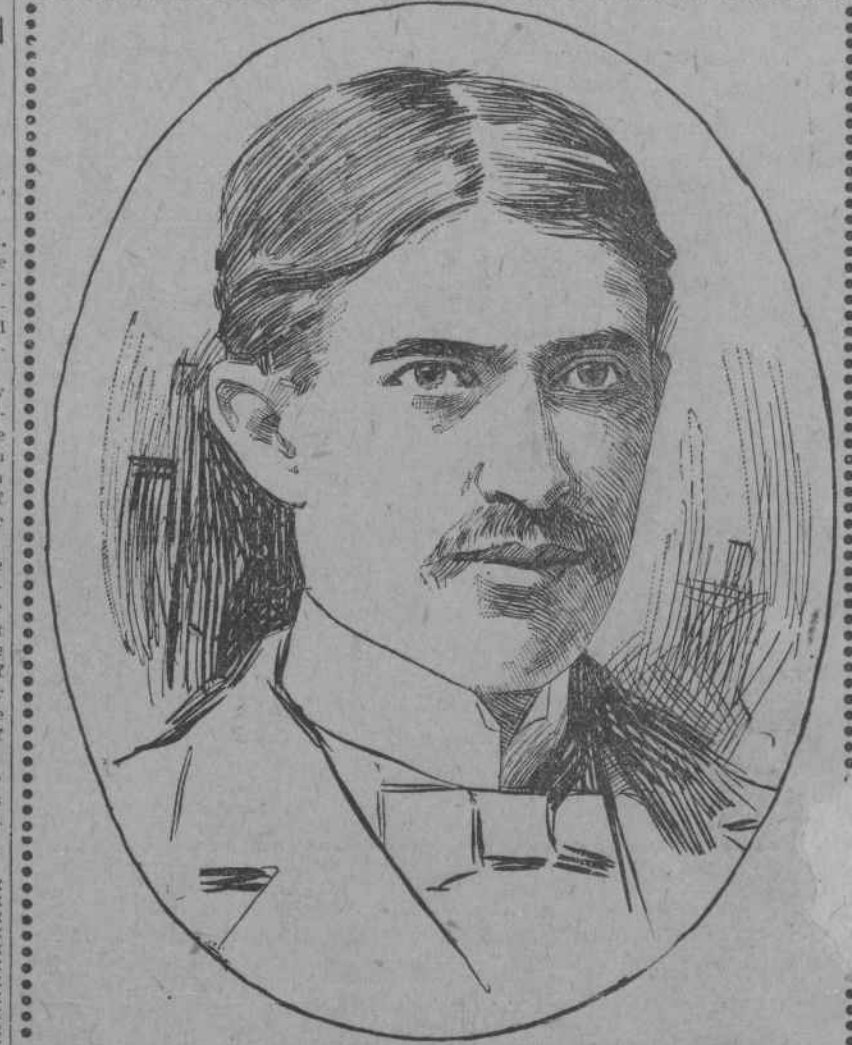
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A SOLDIER'S BURIAL THAT MADE A NATIVE HOLIDAY.



Stephen Crane, Journal War Correspondent.

Stephen Crane Describes a Strange Funeral Procession from a Newly Captured Porto Rican City.

By Stephen Crane.

"Like a Soldier."

PONCE, Porto Rico, Aug. 5 (Special Correspondence of the Journal).—A company of regular infantry marched into the plaza at Ponce, halted, stacked arms and broke ranks. In the cool shade of the trees the men loafed carelessly, while the natives, always intensely interested in the soldiers, gathered near and began their comic, good-natured pantomime. The lazy, still, tropic afternoon drifted slowly, hour by hour, with only the rumble of passing carriages to interrupt its profound serenity.

The captain of the regulars went down the street to where, before the door of a house, waited a hearse. There was a carriage containing two American women, and on the pavement stood a little group of officers, with their battered old hats.

The natives began to accumulate in a crowd, and from them arose a high-pitched babble of gossip concerning this funeral. They stretched their necks, pointed, dodged those who would interfere with their view. Amid the chatter the Americans displayed no signs of hearing it. They remained calm, stolid, superior, wearing the curious, grim dignity of people who are burying their dead.

The company of regulars swung down the street, drew up in front of the house, and presented arms with a crash. Six big, blue-shirted privates paced out with the coffin. The throng edged up suddenly, dodging and peering. The little band of Americans seemed like beings of another world, with their gently mournful, impassive faces, during this display of monkeyish interest.

The Voyage of the Hearse.

The cortege moved off, preceded, accompanied, followed by the crowd of natives. Ponce, a large city, drowned on peacefully in the sun, and the passing of the small procession brought no particular emotion to its mind. In the suburb women hurried out to the porches of the little wooden houses, and naked babies, swollen with fruit, strutted out to see, sucking their thumbs. A man walking directly behind the hearse was halted interrogatively from a distance. He answered loudly, waving his arm toward the graveyard.

A girl called greetings to some friends in the crowd. Suddenly, close to the road, a woman broke out in a raucous tirade at some of her children. The crowd still babbled. All these sounds beat like waves upon the hearse, noisy, idle, senseless waves beating upon the hearse, the invulnerable ship of the indifferent dead man. And the Americans, moving along behind it, were still calm, stolid, superior. The spray of the chatter whirled against them and they were bronze, bronze men going to bury their dead, and the humming and swishing and swishing were only as important as the rattling of so many pebbles in a tin box.

The Humors of a Funeral.

"I am the resurrection and the life"—The chaplain's words were quite smothered in the ejaculations, inquiries, comments which came over the wall where many people were pushing toward the gate. An enterprising old man had climbed a bit of old wall which overlooked the cemetery wall, and upon it they shivered like parrots. The chaplain, beset, badgered, drowned out, went on imperturbably.

The first volley of the firing party created a great confusion in the crowd outside, who could not see the proceedings and were taken by surprise. As the sound crashed toward the hills many jumped like frightened rabbits and then a moment later the whole mob, seeing the Jinks, burst into wild laughter.

A bugler stepped forward. Into a medley of sounds such as would come from a combined baseball game and clambake, he sent the call of "taps," that extraordinary wail of mourning and song of rest and peace, the soldier's good-bye, his night, the fall of eternal darkness, the end.

The sad, slow voice of the bugle called out over the grave, a soul appealing to the sky, a call of earthly anguish and heavenly tranquillity, a solemn heart-breaking song. But if this farewell of the soldier to the sky, the flowers, the bees and all life was heard by the natives their manner did not betray it.

WAR SHIPS GATHER AT KEY WEST.

Commodore Howell Assembling Vessels of the Blockading Squadron.

Key West, Aug. 14.—In accordance with orders from the Navy Department, following the President's proclamation of a suspension of hostilities, Commodore Howell, of the North Cuban coast blockading squadron, is rapidly assembling his ships at Key West.

The flagship San Francisco, with the Commodore aboard, arrived this morning. She looks none the worse for her experience off Havana early Friday morning. The hole torn in her stern by the twelve-inch shells from Morro Castle has been neatly patched and the damage to the ship is inconspicuous.

The other ships of the fleet here to-day are the Bancroft, Marietta, Cassin, Newport, Mintonomah, Apache, Peoria, Hornet, Oregon, Hawk, Dorothea, Decatur, Siliva, Siren, Ranger, Piscaqua and Uncas. The Teanmeh and the smaller unarmored tugs Sioux, Calumet and Cheyenne left to-day for Tampa.

Earthquake Shakes Italian Town.

Messina, Aug. 14.—A violent shock of earthquake was felt here this morning, throwing the inhabitants into a great panic.

MADRID PAPERS ARE BITTER.

El Pais Prints the Peace Protocol in Mourning Borders.

Madrid, Aug. 14.—El Pais to-day printed the text of the protocol signed by the United States and Spain with mourning borders, and says:

"Spain, without colonies, is reduced to the role of a third-rate power."

El Pais says: "Peace will not bring to Spain even the rest she so much needs after three years and a half of war."

El Pais says bitterly: "If Spain had not been so much humiliated after a furious and heroic struggle, she could resign herself. Peace with the United States will only be a monetary respite from our misfortunes."

El Pais says the article in the protocol relating to the Philippines does not indicate that anything good for Spain will be done upon, and says: "The question will not be settled favorably for her."

El Pais (Ministerial) is anxious for peace between Spain and the United States, and says the communications of Eastern capitalists which Day and Cambon are signed by the first chapter in a new history of the struggle.

NEW GOLD STRIKE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Rich Deposits Reported to Have Been Found Below Lake Tagish.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 14.—The steamer Cottage city, which has arrived from Skaguay, brings a report that a rich gold strike has been made seventy miles below Lake Tagish. There has been a stampede from Skaguay to the discovery.

The Canadian troops at Hudson Bay post, beyond Glenora, are reported to be on one of the best hunting grounds of the Northwest.

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AN SHIP CREW LOST.

Wrecked at Tas-Eleven Persons Drowned.

Aug. 14.—Advises from Mel at the American bark C. C. Nissen, which sailed from New York for the Sandwich Islands, that a schooner, the "Circus," had been wrecked on the coast of the Sandwich Islands, with eleven persons on board.

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